

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

The Final Peace.
Dead, our commonwealth is safe at last.
We never quarrel now, or check at blame.
Dead, in my heart of hearts I hold these
fast.
For evermore the same
No trifles urge us to unlovely fretting.
There comes no need of pardon or forgetting.

Dead, I have wiped my foolish tears
away.
And brought those flowers, and still
my faithful heart.
Thou dost not leave me, even for a day.
We are no more apart.
But, oh! for one dear look into thine eye,
One sudden meeting and enraptured cry!
No more we disagree on trivial things,
And turn aside with bitter, brief disdain.
But, oh! for one long hour of differences,
One night of angry pain!
I speak to thee and dream that thou hast
heard—
But, oh! for one swift touch of hand,
One word!

Gen. Fitz John Porter's Statue.

During the most tense period of expectation and speculation as to the outcome of the peace negotiations between the Russians and the Japanese, the final touches to a monument, commemorative of exploits in war, almost escaped notice in Portsmouth.

On Aug. 24 the last one of the panels for the colossal statue of Gen. Fitz John Porter, unveiled July 1, 1904, was placed in the pedestal. The panel is of bronze, 6 feet by 4, representing the enemy's position from the "runaway balloon," and portrays one of the most thrilling incidents of the civil conflict.

Gen. McClellan's army was besieging Yorktown. Prof. E. T. C. Loew of the engineering corps, a practiced aeronaut and a great believer in the use of balloons for observation purposes in war, had made a number of ascensions, on many of his trips being accompanied by Gen. Porter. It takes practice and experience to enable one to readily make out the topography of a country from a great height in the air.

The balloon was held by a silk cord or rope and was usually sent up a distance of about 2,500 feet.

Porter had become an expert as an observationalist, but knew little of the practical management of the balloon. About 5 o'clock in the morning of April 11, 1862, Porter decided to make an observation, and jumped into the car. The men were paying out the rope as usual, when suddenly it snapped and the balloon was free, with the general the sole occupant. He appeared over the edge of the car waving his hands frantically.

"Open the valve!" shouted Prof. Loew. "Climb to the netting and reach the valve rope!"

Porter heard and understood. He climbed up the netting, but was unable to reach the cord, which was tossed around by the wind. Then he descended to the floor of the car again, unsling his field glass and coolly proceeded to take observations.

This attitude of soldierly indifference to his own peril, this determination to make the most of his opportunity in the "psychological moment" that the sculptor, James E. Kelly, has selected for his work. The incident is historic, and everything connected with its portrayal in bronze is depicted with that marvelous fidelity to minute details for which Mr. Kelly is noted.

Mr. Kelly had several conversations with Gen. Porter, and also with Prof. Loew, concerning the uniform worn by the general on that occasion, the field glass used in making his observations and everything that occurred on that hair-raising ride through space.

Maine Soldiers' Home.

The National Home at Togus, Me., one of the best equipped and managed institutions of the kind in the United States, has a well patronized, but the number of inmates who take advantage of the opportunity to drink to excess and perambulate over the home grounds is remarkably few.

Gen. George B. Loud of this city, while recently visiting a nearby town, was a frequent visitor to Togus and looked in at every department of that splendid home of 2,800 disabled and aged veterans, and, as a recent change had been made in the administration of that home, he was interested in knowing if the change had been for the betterment of the conditions there. Six of the veterans, who had served with him in the civil war, and are inmates of that home, and all of them whom he met, as well as many others, were of the one opinion, that "Governor" Richards, not only as a disciplinarian but as a man who had the interests of the veterans at heart profoundly, is eminently fitted for commanding officer and is giving better satisfaction than any of his predecessors—all good governors, too.

One or two happenings while General Loud was there, in the matter of the supply of potatoes and some cooked corned beef hash, and what was done by Governor Richards in both cases, convinced the general, and the inmates all from their general discussions, that nothing pertaining to the welfare of his large army of old warriors is likely to escape his notice and his prompt action. The people of the adjoining towns of Gardiner, Augusta, Hallowell and Randolph, according to the general, have a very high regard for Gen. John P. Richards, who is an old resident of Gardiner and was formerly adjutant-general of the state of Maine. He is now a member of

Heath Post, G. A. R., of Gardiner. They are also convinced that the canteen in operation at the home works no injury in any way to the welfare of their localities.—New York Press.

Denies Apathy in Wisconsin.

I have been hoping and expecting that someone else would reply to the statement made in speaking of the life and the services of the late Gen. Amasa Cobb, whose death occurred at Los Angeles, Cal., some weeks ago. I agree with all the kind things said about the grand old man who commanded two different regiments in the civil war, served a Wisconsin district eight years in congress, was chief justice of Nebraska, a banker and a citizen without blemish, but exceptions are taken to the claim that there was "apathy" and "hesitancy" in Wisconsin, either in its legislature or among the people, in responding to President Lincoln's call for soldiers April 15, 1861. I think the writer must have drawn on his imagination, for in January, 1861, the legislature enacted a law authorizing the placing of the state on a war footing and giving the governor authority to call out, organize and equip soldiers in case of emergency. If I mistake not every republican and every democrat in the senate voted for this bill, and when the emergency arose, when President Lincoln asked for troops, calling upon Wisconsin for one regiment, in less than a week the services of a sufficient number of companies were tendered to the governor to constitute four regiments, and that, too, within a week from the date of the call. That does not look as if there had been "apathy" or "hesitancy" on the part of the legislature or the people, with a population of 800,000, or as if it were necessary for the legislature or any officer of that body to resort to a sense of duty in that vital emergency. I would not detract one iota from that which Gen. Cobb is entitled to, but as a citizen of Wisconsin and one who enlisted and endeavored to get into that one regiment allotted to our state, I most emphatically contradict the statement that there was apathy and hesitancy on the part of the state authorities or patriotic citizens. Right the contrary is the truth.—Lieut.-Col. J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.

Banner for Sunday School.

During the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac on the battlefield and in the vicinity of Manassas, Va., a number of Brooklyn veterans had a reunion with former Confederates and had a good time. Among them was E. A. Dubey, of Winchester Post, former junior vice-commander. The story of his rescue from death by Capt. Barr, of the Confederate cavalry, after being badly wounded at Bull Run, was told in the Eagle some time ago. At the reunion Comrade Dubey, on May 20, rode to the Henry House with Capt. J. T. Harnberger, and it transpired in the conversation that the captain, a farmer, was superintendent of a Methodist Sunday School at Brentsville, Va. Comrade Dubey asked him if he had a banner for his school to which the captain replied that they could not afford such luxuries. Dubey said he would send one, which he did, and it was used in the anniversary parade down there on Aug. 10.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Civil War Nurses' Association.

The following officers were elected at Denver, Colo., for the Civil War Nurses' Association:

President, Mrs. Fannie T. Hazen of Cambridge, Mass., re-elected; senior vice president, Mrs. Clarence F. Dye of Philadelphia, Pa.; junior vice president, Mrs. Frederick J. Conde of Beatrice, Neb.; treasurer, Salome M. Stewart of Gettysburg, Pa.; secretary, Kate M. Scott of Brookville, Pa., re-elected; chaplain, Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman of East St. Louis, Mo.; conductor, Mrs. Mary E. Lacey of Salt Lake City, Utah; guard, Mrs. Emily Alder, Clifton, Iowa; counselor, Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou of San Francisco, Cal.

Gen. Gilman Deserving of Praise.

Unqualified praise comes from all quarters of the country for the retiring Adjutant General of the Grand Army of the Republic, John E. Gilman of Boston, Mass. He has shown rare capacity in his office. To clerical and executive ability of a high order he has united a lifelong zeal for the Grand Army, which has given him an intimate acquaintance of its organizations and workings and with its leading men, all of which came in to qualify him for the duties of his executive place. Gen. Gilman has made an enduring place for himself in the esteem and affection of the comrades of the order.

Home to Have Canteen.

The National Military Home at Marion, Ind., is to have a canteen. Buildings are being removed from the grounds for the site, and a brick structure is to be erected. Gen. Steele said that he did not know just how soon the board of managers expected to have the canteen in operation. The people of Marion have expressed some opposition to the establishment of a beer hall at the Soldiers' Home, but many think it is the proper thing, as it will regulate the amount sold to each member and will keep them off the streets after pension day and also prevent accidents to old men.

THE OLD CROSS-ROAD

From "Down Country Lanes," by Byron Williams



Come with me by the old cross-road
That leads to Uncle Bill's
Down this way through a dreamland filled
With peace that God instills!

Follow me by the winding rut
Where baby rabbits play,
Deep and far in the fragrant dell
With brook-plashed roundelay!

Come with me where the moo-cows drink;
Aye! drink unto their fill—
Down the road, past the stubble field
Where pipes the whip-poor-will!

Goldenrod and the sumac red
Are barked in bright array,
Bees, a-buzz, hum a drowsy strain,
Throughout the cross-road way!

Take my hand o'er the rock-strewn gulch
And on to Uncle Bill's—
This is life in a paradise
That thrills and thrills and thrills!

Oh, for gift but to keep my heart
A-fill with cross-road joy,
Incense pure of the days when I
Was just a country boy!

Characters in Cheeks.

Various faddists have instituted systems for reading character from almost every member of the human body, and the latest is the young woman who announces herself as a "reader of cheeks."

The mature woman with youthful, round cheeks is not necessarily intellectual, but her cheeks are an infallible sign that she is never afflicted with nerves or stinginess. On the other hand, the long, narrow, thin cheeks mark the pessimist who looks always on the darkest side of life and hopes for the worst. Full cheeks, when not accompanied by an excess of fat, denote long life, and if the cheek be fuller in the lower part it is additionally indicative of hospitality.

High cheek bones do not necessarily indicate wickedness and avarice, although a high cheek bone indicates a cautious disposition, which frequently accompanies the avaricious disposition.

Cheek reading promises to become a fad, although to her intimates the cheek reader admits that her decisions are influenced by a general study of the face rather than by the cheek exclusively.

Work of Wood-Boring Bees.

"The other day I was watching a strong colony of wood-boring bees, which are not leaf-cutters. They were little bigger than grains of rice, but much that they did was very interesting. For instance, when the hole was finished and stored, the bee closed it over with a film something like that which a spider spins. She then brought one by one little crystalline pebbles, which she glued to the number of about six, in the middle of the film, and just over the hole. I can only imagine that this is done in order to prevent other bees from boring the post just in that spot. In that case, it may either be a positive bar or by way of a notice: 'Please don't dig here.'"—London News.

Japanese Problem Play.

Comparatively little original literature in modern Japanese is worth the serious attention of foreigners, either in the author's text or translation, but in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan (Volume xxxiii, Part I), a "Modern Japanese Problem Play" is sure to attract notice. The author, Dr. Kitano, cousin of the famous bacteriologist, has already written dramas both in Japanese and in German, and some of his productions in the latter language have been acted on the boards of a theater in Germany.—New York Evening Post.

Juvenile Depravity.

Farmer Harrowfield was passing casually through his orchard, when an unwelcome dark bulk up in his best apple tree caught his eye, and closer inspection revealed a guilty and anxious-looking urchin hugging the branches. Naturally he roared out the angry but unnecessary question:

"What are you doing there among my apples, you young rascal?"

A whimper was the only reply.

"I was only 'picking' 'em, sir!" gasped the terrified urchin.

"Well, of all the cheeky young brats I ever came across!" said Harrowfield. "And what right 'ave you to pick 'em?"

Blank silence for a moment, and then a brilliant excuse flashed into the detected raider's mind. He remembered something he had read in a weekly paper a few days previously.

"I wanted 'em for the dipsonania, sir!" he blubbered. "They are apples in good for dipsonania, and I'm one of 'em. I suffer from it very bad, sir."—London Answers.

Poor Seamanship.

Charles Frohman, in a discussion of plays and playwrights, said:

"The budding playwright shows an amazing ignorance. The stock market, the gold fields, diplomacy, war—whatever he takes up, he mays with glaring errors. Not till he has learned his art does he perceive the essential need of accuracy."

"The other day I read a manuscript play dealer with the sea. Such seamanship as the author displayed!"

"The captain shouted in the second act to the mate:

"Are you bringing in the blunt end or the sharp end of this ship?"

"And in the third act, when the mate wanted the ship stopped he yelled:

"Whoa, whoa!"

A Fine Collection.

At a time when the art of enameling is being taken up by many talented women artists, it is interesting to know that the Queen of England has a collection which bids fair to rival that of the emperors, which is said to be exceptionally fine. It is Queen Alexandra who has had much to do with arousing the popular fancy for fine enameled jewelry, for not only does she wear a great deal of it herself, but she also gives many specimens as gifts to her friends.

Her majesty's niece, the Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, is an accomplished worker in the art of enamels, and designs all her own handiwork.

CONVERT TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Man Evidently Thought Much Restitution Was Due.

One Sunday evening many winters ago, during a revival meeting in a church in Bangor, Me., a certain citizen who was well known as a hard bargainer, and against whom many had grievances, was evidently touched by the spirit of the meeting, for he arose and told of his regrets as to his sinful and selfish life, saying that he was resolved to deal justly and live uprightly, and, if there was any one within the sound of his voice who felt that he had wronged him and would come to his home the next day he would make restitution.

The next morning about 1 o'clock the midnight quiet of his neighborhood was broken by a very loud knocking on his front door, and a voice which showed much impatience asked, "Hallo, you, down there! Who are you? What do you want?" To which the voice of a well-known joker replied: "It's me—Jim Brown. I was down to the church to-night and heard what you said about paying back what you had got by cheating, so as I wanted to be sure to get my share I thought I would come around early and get ahead of the crowd."

A Teacher's Testimony.

Hinton, Ky., Oct. 30th.—(Special.)—It has long been claimed that Diabetes is incurable, but Mr. E. J. Thompson, teacher in the Hinton school, has pleasing evidence to the contrary. Mr. Thompson had Diabetes. He took Dodd's Kidney Pills and is cured. In a statement he makes regarding the cure Mr. Thompson says:

"I was troubled with my kidneys for more than two years and was treated by two of the best doctors in this part of the state. They claimed I had Diabetes and there was little to be done for me. Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and what they did for me was wonderful. It is entirely owing to Dodd's Kidney Pills that I am now enjoying good health."

Many doctors still maintain that Diabetes is incurable. But Diabetes is a kidney disease and the kidney disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure has yet to be discovered.

FERVENT PRAISE OF NICOTINE.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's Eloquent Tribute to Tobacco.

Four centuries ago Columbus, the adventurous, on the blessed isle of Cuba, saw happy people with rolled leaves between their lips. Above their heads were little clouds of smoke. Their faces were serene and in their eyes was the autumnal look of content. These people were kind, innocent, gentle and loving.

The climate of Cuba is the friend-ship of the earth and the air, and of this climate the sacred leaves were born—leaves that bred in the mind of him who used them the cloudless, happy days in which they grew.

These leaves make friends and celebrate with gentle rites the vows of peace. They have given consolation to the lonely, the friends of the imprisoned, of the exiles, of workers in mines, of fellers of forests, of sailors on the deep seas. They are the givers of strength and calm to the vexed and wearied minds of those who build with thought and brain the temples of the soul. They tell of hope and rest. They smooth the wrinkled brows of care; drive fear and strange misshapen dreads from out the mind and fill the heart with rest and peace. Within their magic warp and woof some potent, gracious spell imprisoned lies, that, when released by fire, doth softly steal within the fortress of the brain and bind in sleep the captured sentinels of care and grief. These leaves are the friends of the fireside, and their smokelike incense rises from myriads of happy homes. Cuba is the smile of the sea.

Danger in Seeds and Stones.

Seeds of fruit never digest; neither do skins. Stones swallowed, are dangerous, necessitating operations. If swallowed, the person must immediately take a basin of thick gruel or bread and milk so as to surround the stone and carry it away harmlessly.

Pores in Palm of Hand.

In the palm of the hand there are 2,500 pores to the square inch. If these pores were united end to end they would measure about five miles.

FUNNY

People Will Drink Coffee When It "Does Such Things."

"I began to use Postum because the old kind of coffee had so poisoned my whole system that I was on the point of breaking down, and the doctor warned me that I must quit it."

My chief ailment was nervousness and heart trouble.

Any unexpected noise would cause me the most painful palpitation, make me faint and weak.

I had heard of Postum and began to drink it when I left off the old coffee. It began to help me just as soon as the old effects of the other kind of coffee passed away. It did not stimulate me to a while, and then leave me weak and nervous a coffee used to do. Instead of that it built up my strength and I felt a new vigor to my system. Such I can always rely on. It is a new and the best kind of a day's work without getting tired. All the heart trouble, etc., has passed away.

"I give it freely to all my children, from the youngest to the oldest, and it keeps them all healthy and hearty." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

SUFFERINGS UNTOLD.

A Kansas City Woman's Terrible Experience with Kidney Sickness.

Mrs. Mary Cagin, 20th st. and Cleveland ave., Kansas City, Mo., says:

"For years I was run down, weak, lame and sore. The kidney secretions were too frequent. Then dropsy puffed up my ankles until they were a sight to behold. Doctors gave me up, but I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and the remedy cured me so that I have been well ever since, and have had a fine baby, the first in five that was not prematurely born."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Favorites of Romantic Women.

Silvio Pellico's pathetic book, "In My Prison," the record of ten years in the dungeons of Venice and Spielberg, brought him to the hearts of romantic women, while Garibaldi's simplicity and gallant single-minded pursuit of the freedom of Italy, together with a strong personality, caused his simplest sayings to be bandied about from mouth to mouth, and quoted with a fervor never bestowed upon the inspired utterances of Biblical characters. "He who bends his back too low may find it hard to straighten again," was written in half the "Commonplace Books" of England in 1884.

TEA

It is charm; but pray, what is charm? It is something that makes you know you are strong!

How to Drive Rats From Houses.

There are other effective means besides the destruction of the rat to prevent his living in houses. The rat has a very sensitive foot, covered by a very delicate integument, which is burned by unslacked lime. If we sprinkle the holes and runways of the rat with unslacked lime he will desert our houses. He is also a very thirsty animal, and if we cut off his sources of water he will desert the region.—British Medical Journal.

SIX MONTHS' CIRCLE TOUR \$62.

Still Another Move by the New Salt Lake Route.

The Salt Lake Route will sell round trip tickets to Los Angeles, returning through San Francisco and Ogden, for \$62.00, good six months. Tickets on sale by agents Salt Lake, Stockton, Eureka, Mammoth, Spanish Fork, Provo, American Fork and Lehi.

Preserving Eggs.

Eggs may be preserved in several ways. If you rub the shells with butter it will keep them for months. Another mode is to apply with a brush a solution of gum arabic to the shells, or immerse the eggs therein, let them dry, and afterwards pack them in dry charcoal dust. Steeping them in sweet oil answers the purpose for a year. Boiling for a minute answers for a month.

TEA

There is nothing that costs so little, both money and work, and that goes so far if it has the chance.

Good Rule Never to Speak Ill.

Never speak ill of a fellow man. To do so behind his back is cowardly. To do so to his face is dangerous.—Cleveland Leader.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen Feet, Hot, Cautious, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all Drugstores and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Ginsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

When a Man's Broke.

"It is never till a man goes broke," said the philosopher, sagely, "that his friends advise him to mend."—Baltimore American.

ONE THE FAMOUS

Red Cross Ball Room, Large 50c. package 50c. The Ross Company, South Bend, Ind.

A Sermon in It.

In the following paragraph, from a story by Governor Morris, in the Reader magazine, there is a whole sermon: "Edward," said my grandfather, "never undertake to patronize God. If you feel that you do not understand Him keep it to yourself. It is enough to know that you were dust, and He made a man of you; that you grow weary at length and He gives you sleep!"—Atlanta Constitution.

TEA

The moneyback tea Schilling's Best is safe; you'll like it.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it.

Rejects "Undiscovered Merit."

I have never known a case of undiscovered merit, and I have never known a case where merit failed to achieve success. I have known many men gifted with great ability who failed miserably in life, but in every instance the failure arose from neglect to develop natural talent into trained capacity.—Bourke Cockran.